

# THE GOD-EATER

A Tragedy of Satire

BY  
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THIS TRIBUTE OF MISERY

TO

ANY ONE

WHO HAS LEARN'T THE  
WISDOM OF DESPAIR.

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Imagine the plight of the Magus when he discovers that all he had hoped possible for himself is gone awry through his lust for result; the terrible moment comes when he finds that all his sacrifice of that which he loved most comes to nothing in the hands of Rupha, the Hag of Eternity! His beloved Sister, in whom all power is given, to become a Goddess, that he might become her Priest; wielding the Power bought at so terrible a ransom! How the fortunes of the wheel turn upon all that he has wrought.

What wounds lie ahead of the Magus as he wends his way through the twisted paths and byways that lie between himself and his goal. So easy to turn to the Left-Hand Path, and become enmeshed in the Ego's seeking of satisfaction of its desires.

Crowley himself gave up all that he had but for the barest necessities of livelihood, all that he loved, and all who might love him, Perderabo, who had need of much love, more so than any ordinary man, if only that the Way of the Wanderer, the Hermit who hath no place to call his home, nowhere

to rest his weary head for a moment, needeth love from any who may turn to him and say, "take comfort, though your road be hard and difficult to endure your burden, yet may what love I might give ease you somewhat."

But this was not to be. Crowley had the first real understanding of this at the writing of the God-Eater, and the truth bore out. The Way of Malamet, the Way of Blame, lies heavy on the heart, but is most necessary for the Man of Power, lest any be tempted to seek him out because that simply his Powers draw them to him. And that any might find him easy, that he might do another's work, or that any might seek him out before their initiate right to do so, the Magus must endure the Way of Blame.

The story of the God-Eater is the story of every True Magus; the blood-curdling sacrifices of self-Ego-I into the selfless and Purified Magus who from the very first has been stripped of all the Power, simply because IT IS TO THE

No more; it shall be left there; the secret of the 1Xth degree is still for you to discover it; you cannot discover it; it must needs be conferred by initiation, nevertheless, if it is Thy Will to waste time with the understanding that one has ALL THE TIME THERE IS--Then It is Thy Will, Brothers and Sisters, and until you Do, what-ever must be Thine to Do, You are welcome to your desires, whatever they may be. There are also, if you feel you are not getting enough right now, some passionate droppings and leavings of The Beast lying about. And Lying is the right word.

The obvious relations of the God-Eater to the Ritual of the Golden Dawn and the complex con-nexions also with the Rosicrucian and Ancient Gnostic Workings as those of Pythagoras must remain for the reader to discover, as this commentary limits itself by need of the moment. If one wishes to find work similar to that de-scribed, it can best be had by diligent and intentional study of the system of Ceremonial Magick. May it be suggested that the be-ginner get hold of Eliphas Levi's Transcendental Magic? And go on

HOLY MOTHER NUIT THAT ALL POWER  
MUST ULTIMATELY GO, AND IT IS  
ALSO FROM HER THAT ALL POWER  
EMANATES.

If a Magus exists, it is simply that she desires that he exist. His very existence is positive proof of her love.

One must certainly not ignore the influence of Sex-Magick of notably the O.T.O. upon Crowley's work; but little perusal of the piece of working shown is obviously going to lead to some understanding that this work also shows the transmutation of the Mystical Marriage between the Rose and the Rood, or Cross.

The Tau significances and etc. are to be taken for an early examination of the Star Sapphire Working, and lest one think this easily understood, remember that only the most ignorant and uninitiated think that somehow Sex-Magick has somewhat to do with Fertility worship, fetishes, etc.

It is simply that the Mystical Marriage endures the existence of the Father and Mother by the existence of the Son and Daughter, the True Parents of the Holy Trinity.

from there, if you've the Will.

This work is more a study in mysticism than Magick, in the sense that it deals, and rightly so, with the problem of the illusion of Maya, stilling of thoughts, and the absolute control of, and elimination of, timidity in the Magus' work. Evolution comes hard, and no sacrifice must be withheld, no project too daring, no idea avoided, no fact buried under emotional reaction, no lesson too expensive for the True Brother who exerciseth his Magickal Will.

No bondage too great to release one's self from it; no attachment so joyous and passionate that it cannot be thrown, cast off like the dross dung that it is; If one would follow the way which cannot be followed, it requires the loss of all that one thinks he now possesses, or may possess. External ownership, internal ownership. Whether it be career or idea, wife, Friends, Father, Mother, or Suffering--all, all must be dealt with ruthlessly. The Aeon is for every Man and every Woman.

The Aeon is for every Star that Shineth in its Heaven.

"Father, It is finished." Aumn.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

[Of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.,  
Charing Cross Road, W.C.]

- SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.
- THE TALE OF ARCHAIS.
- JEDHTHAI AND OTHER MYSTERIES, &c.
- AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
- THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY, &c. (*Privately printed.*)
- CARMEN SACULARE.
- THE SOUL OF OSIRIS.
- TANNHAUSER.

*Also :*

- ACELDAMA. [*Out of print.*]
- BERASHITH. [*Out of print. Reprinted in "The Sword of Song."*]
- JEEBEL AND OTHER POEMS. [*Out of print. Mostly reprinted in "The Soul of Osiris."*]
- SUMMA SPES. [*Out of print.*]
- AIHAD. [*Of the Chiswick Press, Took's Court, E. C.*]
- (As Editor) ALICE. [*Out of print.*]

*In preparation :*

- THE ARGONAUTS.
- THE SWORD OF SONG.
- THE LOVER'S ALPHABET.
- (As Editor) THE GOETIA OF KING SOLOMON.

# THE GOD-EATER

CRIOSDA, MAURVA.

## PERSONS

- CRIOSDA . . . . . Aged 33.
- MAURVA . . . . . His Sister, aged 16.
- RUPHA . . . . . The Hag of Eternity.

The scene of the Tragedy is laid in an ancient Scottish Hall, very remote.

The time is the One-and-Twentieth Century after Christ.

The action of the play occupies many years.

*[The Scene is an old Baronial Hall, elaborately, yet somewhat grotesquely (from the incongruity) fitted up as an antique Egyptian temple. C. an altar between two obelisks; on it a censer vomits smoke in great volumes. Above at back of stage is a stately throne, square and simple, on steps. In it sits MAURVA, quiet and silent. She is dressed in sombre green robes, lightened with old rose facings. She is heavily braceleted and ankleted with gold, and her crown is a gold disc supported in silver horns, rising from her forehead. Above her is a rude painted board, representing the Winged Globe in many colours. Before the altar CRIOSDA is kneeling; he is dressed in a white robe, a blue sash, a leopard's skin is over his shoulders, clasped with a golden clasp about his neck. He bears an "ankh" in his left hand, in his right a caduceus wand. On his head is the winged helmet of Mercury, and his sandals are winged also. He is muttering low some fervent prayer, and anon casts incense upon the censer. The low muttering continues for a considerable time, MAURVA remaining quite still, as one rapt in her own thoughts. Suddenly, with startling vehemence, the song breaks out.]*



CRIOSDA.

HAIL ! HAIL ! HAIL !

[MAURYA, startled, looks up and half rises.  
Then sits again, with a strange sweet smile  
of innocence and tenderness.]

CRIOSDA [Lower.]

The world is borne upon thy breast  
Even as the rose.  
Wilt thou not lull it into rest,  
Some strong repose  
More satisfying than pale sleep ;  
Than death more long, more deep ?

Hail ! at the twilight as at dawn !  
The sunset close  
Even on the lake as on the lawn !  
The red ray glows  
Across the woven stardrift's ways  
In mystery of Maurya's praise.

Hear me, thy priest, at eventide !  
These subtler throes  
Than love's or life's, invade, divide  
The world of woes.  
Thy smile, thy murmur of delight, be enough  
To fill the world with life and love !

[He bends over into deep reverence, yet with the  
air of one expecting a grace.]

[MAURYA, like one in trance, rises slowly, gathers  
her robes about her, and descends to the  
altar. Reaching over it, she bends and lifts  
him by his outstretched arms. She puts her  
lips to his forehead, and he, with a deep gasp,  
as of one in ecstasy not to be borne, drops  
back, breathing deeply. She lifts her hands,  
and brings them slowly, very forcibly, for-  
ward, and says solemnly :]

The Blessing of Maurya.  
Blessed be the House of the Servants of Maurya.  
Blessed be the Stones of the House.  
Blessed be the Tree of the House.  
Blessed be the Food of the House.  
Blessed be the Men of the House.  
Blessed be all the Universe for their sakes.  
The Blessing of Maurya.

[A short silence.]

[MAURYA goes back and lays her crown and  
robes on the throne. She is now dressed in  
wonderful close-fitting crimson silk, trimmed  
with ermine. Her bronze-gold hair is coiled  
wonderfully about her head. She comes down  
stage to CRIOSDA, who rises on one knee and  
takes her thereon. She removes his helmet  
and strokes gently his hair.]

Criosda, my brother !

CRIOSDA. Maurya, little sister !

*[He smiles with deep tenderness; suddenly a pang catches him; he strikes at his throat, and cries sharply:]*

Ah!

*[Shivers with terrible emotion.]*

MAURYA. Criosda, ever the same! The old world runs

On wheels of laughter for us little ones;  
To you, whose shoulders strain, the chariot seems  
A poised fiend flogging you to hell.

CRIOSDA. These thoughts,  
Maurya,—Maurya! they become you not.  
Child, to see sorrow is to taste it.

MAURYA. No;  
For such a sorrow is its own calm joy.  
But—share me now your pain.

CRIOSDA. *[In agony.]* No! no! not that!  
MAURYA. *[Smiling.]* The priest has secrets from the  
goddess?

*[With a cry as of physical pain, deadly sharp.]*

No jesting there.  
Stop!

MAURYA. I did not mean to jest.  
As brother to sister?

CRIOSDA. Ah! that hurts, that hurts.  
MAURYA. I am heavy?  
CRIOSDA. Heavy as my own heart's fear.

MAURYA. You fear? Am I in fault? Is Maurya  
maid

The foe to Maurya goddess?

CRIOSDA. Ah, indeed!  
MAURYA. Is not the work nigh ready?

*[Criosda grips his caduceus, which he has dropped, and presses it savagely to his breast. Then, with a mingled burst of ferocity and joy, dashes MAURYA aside to the ground, reaches his hand towards the empty throne, apostrophizing it, and cries with a strident laugh:]*

CRIOSDA. Ay, to-night!  
*[A spasm overcomes him and he falls prone.]*

MAURYA. Criosda! You are ill, ill! Help!  
*[He is silent; she unclaps the leopard's skin; and busies herself in trying to restore him.]*

Janet! Angus! Angus! *[Under her breath.]*  
Angus is the man—he saved poor Kenneth! *[Aloud.]*  
Angus! Oh, miserable! No help comes here.  
Criosda! wake, wake!

Oh, I must take him out—no man may enter here!—It is ill luck. Old Andrew found the passage; and the next day he was dead—murdered, murdered! Oh, how horrible!—what a horrible place this is with all its beauty and love! and my worship—oh, how strange it all is.  
Criosda! come!

[*She begins to carry him to the great door, then notices his white robe.*]

This must come off : they must not see the holy robes.  
Criosda ! my darling dear brother, do look at me !

[*She has removed the robes. CRIOSDA is now seen to be dressed in a dark-green tartan kilt and quasi-military tunic with silver buttons. A dirk hangs at his side. Its hilt is of unusual shape, being surmounted by the circle and cross familiar to visitors to Iona.*]

Criosda ! Ah yes, look up, look up !  
How pale you are ! There is no blood in your lips.

CRIOSDA. [*Starting violently from her arms.*]

Blood ! Blood !

MAURYA. Lie still, dear, you are ill. Now ! That is better. Come—can you walk a little ?—we will get Angus to help.

CRIOSDA. No ! No ! I am well ! I am well ! Go, go !  
If you love me, go. I cannot bear it longer.  
Your presence is my pain. There is nothing here.  
Nothing—leave me !

MAURYA. Criosda, my own brother !  
CRIOSDA. Go ! O devil ! Devil ! Maurya !

[*He reaches out a threatening arm against the empty throne. Suddenly, with an inarticulate noise in his throat, he again collapses.*]

MAURYA. Oh ! Oh ! he must come out and be tended.  
Where is the lever ? Here—

[*Still supporting him on one arm, she raises a ponderous knocker and lets it fall. A clang, sombre, and of surprising volume, resounds. The door slowly opens of itself.*]

CRIOSDA. [*Recovering.*] Who is at the door ? Back, back. It is ill luck, ill luck, I say. Where is old Andrew ? The faithful fool—Oh, the last dreadful look of his glazed eyes ! What am I saying ? Maurya, girl, go ! I must tend the temple. I must be alone. It is not fitting—

MAURYA. You are ill ; come and be tended yourself, first.

CRIOSDA. No ! I am well. You are a girl, not a God.

MAURYA. Oh ! Oh ! Have I done amiss ? Am I not—  
CRIOSDA. Stop, don't !

[*Aside.*] I must be man—tut ! tut !—  
[*Aloud.*] Why, little sister, know  
Those whom we worship as our gods are gods.  
The power is mine : that art no skill resists.  
No God dethrones himself ; none can.  
Will he, will he, God must be God : it is a luckless fate  
for a girl's dowter, a thankless way for a maiden's  
feet.

MAURYA. Why, then, am I not the Goddess  
Maurya ?

CRIOSDA. Yes! yes! of course, but only by my making.

MAURYA. Was not my birth miraculous? and strange The death of the old people of this house That left you guardian?

CRIOSDA. Yes, girl, that was strange.  
MAURYA. Then, is the power that makes me in the end

True Goddess Maurya, yours, yours only?

CRIOSDA. [Solemnly.] No!

Stop! ask no more! There lies the awful crux. Blind are fate's eyes, and pinioned are will's wings. In you the whole chance lies.

MAURYA. In me?

CRIOSDA. In you.

MAURYA. I will do all to win!

CRIOSDA. Do all?

MAURYA. Do all.

CRIOSDA. Ah then! No, no, it is not yet enough. Not definite yet. Stop! fool, shall I hint and ruin all with a word? Backwards or forwards, the blow goes home either way. [Looks at her with keen fierce eyes.]

Ah!

MAURYA. [A little frightened.] Come, O my brother! It is time to go.

CRIOSDA. No! leave me. It is but an hour.

[MAURYA smiles; leaves her hand a little in his, and so passes out slowly through the open door with her eyes fixed in love and trust on

him. CRIOSDA starts up and pulls fiercely at a second lever, and the door clangs to with the same nerve-shattering shock. CRIOSDA staggers to altar; and, with his hand on it, turns towards door.]

Mouths of God's mercy! I would her eyes were bleeding wounds in my heart! Ah though! If she were a dog I could not do it. She is my sister—

[Turns with a cry to throne and flings up his hands.]

and I will!  
Death! Death!

It is a year to-night. I arrayed her first In yon gold ornaments—My brain is sick!

I want coffee—or hashish—No! That is for her! I must be very clear and calm, very clear, very calm, How I must be ill—

[Correcting himself with effort.] Ill I must be. Ha!

[Goes to altar, opens it, takes out a flask filled with a clear pale blue liquor with rosy stars of light in it, pours it into a long vial, and holds it to the light. The room is lighted by electricity, the globes being the eyes of strange sculptured stone beasts on the walls.]

So far the story is true.

[Drinks a little.]

Why, that is better already. I am again the priest of Maurya—who is the brother of Maurya? A trivial ape

o' the time!—cold, logical to a fault!—Ay! and a crime,  
a crime at which the stars shake in the heaven; men might  
think. Yet the stars, I will wager, are indifferent. True,  
the news has not reached them: true, that star I see is not  
a star; it was so six, ten, twenty thousand years ago—  
logical, I say!—and I will drink, for parenthetical is a  
poor substitute—

[Drinks.]

Why, how thou fir'st me! with that icy fire  
Of adamant thought. It well befits this hour

If I recoil the chain whose last smooth link  
Slides o'er Time's cogwheel. In the beginning then

The vastness of the heavens and the earth  
Created the idea of God. So Levi once

Sarcastic in apostasy; à rebourse.

So Müller, mythopoeic in his mood

Of the unmasking mythopoeia. Now

Profounder science, Spencer's amplitude,  
Allen's too shallow erudition, Frazer's

Research, find men have made—since men made aught—

Their Gods, and slain, and eaten. Surface! I,

Criosda of the Mist, see truth in all

Rather than truth in none. Below the rite

The sight! Beyond the priest, the power! Above  
The sense, the soul! So men who made their gods

Did make in very deed: so I will make

In uttermost truth a new god, since the old

Are dead, or drunk with wine, and soma-juice

And hemp and opium! Maurya, thou shalt be!

So for long years I have dared. First the twin death

Of the dotards, slow constraint of Maurya's mind  
To the one end. Next, study: next, research  
In places long-forgotten of the West,  
Deep hidden of the East: the perfect rite  
Dragged by laborious hand and brain to shape  
And this [Raises glass.] the first fruits! Hail,  
thou fount of wit,

Light liquor, child of cares how heavy! Drink!  
The peace of the Priest!

[He drinks up the liquor.]

Be thou my light!

Uncloud the misty channels of the mind!  
Off, horror! Off, compassion! Be the brain

The almighty engine of the Will—and those

Subtler and deeper forces grimly guessed,  
Terribly proven—be they strong thereby!

Awake, O sleeping serpent of the soul,  
Unhinted skills, and unimagined powers,

And purposes undreamed of!

[He goes now calmly about the temple, arranging  
all the ornaments. He empties the censer.]

Shadowy influence

Of smoke! Where lies its physiologic act?  
What drug conceals the portent? Mystery!

Mystery ninefold closed upon itself

That matter should move mind—Ay! darker yet  
That mind should work on matter? And the proof

Extant, implicit in the thought thereof!

Else all our work were vain. These twain be one;

And in their essence ? Deeper, deeper yet  
I dive.

[He draws the dirt and tests the point.]

And will to-morrow show me aught ?

[He extinguishes the lamps, goes to the door and opens it. The clang startles him.]

I hate that door ! Strange that the outer air  
Should bring back manhood ! Man, thou pitiest her !  
Man, thou art whelmed in that red tide of lust  
That rolls over strong loathing by vast will,  
Hideous rapture of death. That's for thee, man !  
Thine are the scalding tears of sympathy,  
The tender love for the young flower. And these  
Are none of the priest's. Enough !

[Exit. The door clangs again. The curtain falls ; a scene drops. RUPNA, an aged and wizened hag, of gigantic stature, is discovered seated C. The scene represents a lonely hill-top covered with stones. A little coarse grass grows in places. Three great menhirs stand up C. Moonlight.]

RUPNA.  
The tune of the breath.  
The saga of death.  
The secret of earth.  
The beginning of birth.  
The speech of woe.  
Ho ! Ho !

I scent the prey.  
I sniff the air.  
The dawn of day  
Makes Maurya May  
The Goddess rare.  
The light of the stars  
Be hers : go, go,  
Ye silent folk,  
Harness your cars !  
Brace the yoke !  
It is time to Know.  
Ho ! Ho !

Desolate deeds !  
She bleeds, she bleeds.  
The golden head  
Is drooped for aye.  
She is dead, she is dead.  
She is God, and I ?  
I am might.  
I am power.  
I am light  
For an hour.  
I am strong, I grow.  
Ho ! Ho !

I taught Criosda  
The evil runes.  
Mine were the tunes  
His passion sang.

Mine is the clang  
 Of the olden door.  
 Half the secret  
 I gave : no more !  
 Half the secret  
 Hidden I keep.  
 Hide it deep !  
 That is mine !  
 I will work.  
 He is nought.  
 The runes divine  
 Awry be wrought.  
 Hail to the murk !

*[A distant whine is heard.]*

Cover me ! Lurk,  
 Rupha, lurk !  
 'Tis a foe.  
 Ho ! Ho !

*[Clouds have been obscuring the moon ; it is now dark. A fox passes over the stage.]*

Crafty ! Crafty !  
 That is the omen.  
 Fear not the foemen !

*[She rises up.]*

Mine is the spoil  
 Of the grimly toil.  
 Gloomy, gloomy !  
 Ah ! but I laugh.

He is but a fool.  
 He has lost !  
 He is lost !  
 Take the staff !  
 Trace the rule  
 Of the circle crossed !

*[She makes a circle and a cross therein.]*

No light therein !  
 Mother of sin,  
 Thou hast won !  
 Death to the sun !  
 Hail to the glow  
 Of the corpse decayed !  
 Hail to the maid !  
 Ho ! Ho !

*[She rambles about the stage, muttering savage runes with dismal laughter. Her words are inarticulate, when with a last Ho ! Ho ! the curtain falls.]*

*[The scene rises, and we again see the stage as in Scene I. MAURYA and CRIOSDA as in the opening. CRIOSDA is, however, absolutely calm.]*

MAURYA. Criosda, answer !  
 CRIOSDA.  
 MAURYA. I obey, having heard.  
 CRIOSDA. This dawn shall see me take the final fight ?  
 It shall.

MAURYA. I shall be taken utterly from earth ?

CRIOSDA. So.

MAURYA. Yet abide with thee, my priest.

CRIOSDA. Ay ! Ay !

MAURYA. I feel no early prompting thither.

CRIOSDA. No.

It is sudden.

MAURYA. What then lacks ?

CRIOSDA. A draught : a word.

MAURYA. Where is the draught ?

CRIOSDA. This incense in my hand.

MAURYA. What is the word ?

[Criosda is silent.]

Criosda, answer me.

CRIOSDA. To invoke death it were to answer this.

MAURYA. Ah, then, forbear !

[Criosda is silent.]

How shall I know the word ?

CRIOSDA. Good luck may bring it to the light.

MAURYA. Ill luck ?

CRIOSDA. A year's delay.

MAURYA. Ah, let me gain one gift

Whose sweet reversion hangs above me now :

To order luck !

CRIOSDA. Skill orders luck !

MAURYA. The draught !

CRIOSDA. Hither, O Maurya !

MAURYA. I will come to thee.

[Criosda, taking hashish, throws it upon the glowing censer. MAURYA comes down stage and bends over it. CRIOSDA lifts it up and offers it reverently.]

MAURYA. Methinks anticipation o' the event

Shoots in my veins, darting delight.

Why, this is strange !

I am losing myself. Criosda !

The walls of the world fall back with a crash.

Where is all this ? I am out of myself : I expand.

O Maurya, where art thou, little phantom of myriads of ages ago ? What a memory ! Ah, Ah ! She is falling.

[MAURYA staggers. CRIOSDA, who has been watching her narrowly, catches her and lays her tenderly on the altar.]

Oh, what happiness, what happiness ! Criosda, dear brother, how I love you !

I wish to sleep for ever—I wish to die !

[Criosda, who has been bending over her, leaps up, shrieks.]

CRIOSDA. The luck of Maurya !

[He draws quickly his dirk ; it flashes on high, he leaps on to the body of MAURYA, and plunges it into her heart.]

CURTAIN.



## ACT II

## FORTY YEARS AFTERWARDS

[The scene is an open and stormy sea. RUPHA, with her staff, wave-riding in a cockle-shell.]

RUPHA.

Ha! Ha!

In the storm

I ride.

The winds bear me.

The waves fear me.

I appal; I inform

Their pride.

Let him hither,

Drifting ever

Wrecked and lost!

His life shall wither.

The dirk shall sever

His rune ill-crossed.

I hear him come

Across the foam

With a bang and a boom.

The winds, hum, hum.

The billows comb.

Ho! Ho! the doom!

Ho! Ho! I have won.

I shall win.

Death to the sun!  
Life to sin!  
They reap who sow.  
Ho! ho!

[A boat drifts in, L. In it the aged CRIOSDA, his white hair afloat in the storm, is standing with folded arms. His eyes are dull, as seeing inward.]

RUPHA.

Ha! ha!

'Tis the priest.

Dost think

O' the feast?

Criosda, shrink!

The rune is woe.

Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. Mother of Sin!

RUPHA. Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. Thus then at last the Luck of Maurya throws  
A double-six to lost Criosda.

RUPHA. Ho!

The Luck of Maurya!

The power of the deed.

CRIOSDA. I find thee, mother, at last. Life's final flash  
Gleams through the storm.

RUPHA. I am found!

Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. What of the power? I bid these waves be  
calm

In Maurya's name.

Tore me : I heard the tears drop in my heart.  
 I heard the laughter of some utmost God  
 Hid in the middle of matter. That was I,  
 The hideous laughter of the maniac laugh  
 When loathing makes the bed to lust, and twine  
 The limbs of agony about the trunk  
 Of torture—rapture stabbing through—Maurya !  
 Ay, that was I ; and I the weeping wolf  
 That howls about this hell that is my heart ;  
 And I the icy and intangible  
 That beholds all, and is not.

РУРНА.

Three in one !

One in three !

Death to the sun !

Glory to thee !

Thou wast there !

Enough !

It will grow.

Ho ! Ho !

CRIOSDA. In English, I was mad. But no new  
 portents

Confound the course of the sun. I left my home  
 To seek thee out. When skill availed me not,  
 I put to sea to try the Luck of Maurya.

РУРНА. Thou shouldst have tried that first of all.

CRIOSDA.

Why then

The Luck may avail if that wried tongue can speak  
 straight ! Hast thou aught to bid me do ?

To me naught matters more. My life I cast

On the one throw ; and, having lost, I have lost.

I am indifferent to my fate as the stars  
 Are to my curses, were I fool enough  
 To curse.

РУРНА. Destiny has strange ways.

CRIOSDA.

I care not.

РУРНА. How long hast thou left home ?

CRIOSDA.

Seven years.

РУРНА.

How can I ?

Return !

РУРНА. Stamp the boat beneath thy feet  
 Down wallowing in the trough !

CRIOSDA.

It is done !

[*The boat sinks from under CRIOSDA. He would  
 sink did he not grasp the staff extended to  
 him.*]

РУРНА. Now, stand alone !

CRIOSDA.

I stand.

Of sea ; awake, O vision of the shrine !  
 Then break, O vision

CRIOSDA. All is illusion ?

РУРНА.

All. Murder a mode

And love a mode of the unknown that is,  
 That not thyself nor I can ever see.

Yet, so far as may be, awake, O shine !

[*She strikes the sea with her staff ; the storm  
 rises ; it grows bitter dark ; only their  
 shapes are dimly seen against the dark back-  
 ground of cloud. The scene rises.*]

РУРНА. Break, break, O mist of morning !

[The storm increases momentarily in violence.  
RUPHA mingles on. CRIOSDA shows with  
a gesture that he knows his words avail  
nothing.]

RUPHA. Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. I wittingly and well resumed the rite  
Learnt at thy breast, old wolf!

RUPHA. Ho! Ho!

The might is mine  
O' the rune divine.  
Silence, winds!  
Peace, ye waves!  
The spell binds  
Their wrath  
In the graves  
Below ocean.  
Clear the path!  
Cease your motion!  
Swift, be slow!  
Ho! Ho!

[The storm ceases.]

CRIOSDA. Thy words avail then?

RUPHA. Ha! Ha!

They avail.  
I avail.

Did Rupha fail,  
All would be done.  
Death to the sun!

I know.

Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. All this I did for thee?

RUPHA. Ha! Ha!

What didst thou do?

Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha!

CRIOSDA. What did I not do? All!

RUPHA. Tell! Tell!

'Tis a spell.

CRIOSDA. I will tell all. O sea, swallow me up  
With the last word!

RUPHA. It obeys?

No! No!

Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. Thou sinister one! Thy rite I duly did  
That drugged (and dancing with delight thereof  
The maiden's mind) the maiden's body prone  
Lay on her altar. Then she gave consent,  
And I smote once.

RUPHA. Ha! Ha!

What came then?

CRIOSDA. I tore out her heart,  
And held its flame aloft. The blackening blood  
Gushed on my arms—and then—

RUPHA. Ho! Ho!

CRIOSDA. With red lips reeking from the sweet foul  
feast,  
I sang in tuneless agony the spell;  
Rolled athwart space the black words: then some force

[The stage, which is full of mist, gradually clears.

*It shows the Temple as in Scene I. On the throne the embalmed body of MAURYA is seated. The altar flames with glowing charcoal, and a thin steam of incense arises. RUPNA and CRIOSDA are in front, R. Two priests minister; a goodly crew of choristers intone low litanies. A few young folk are at a sort of barrier by the footlights (centre) in prayer. An old woman enters and brings an offering of flowers, which the priests receive and cast before the throne. RUPNA motions CRIOSDA to be silent.]*

1st PRIEST. Glory unto thee, Maurya, secret Lady of the Stars!

CHORISTERS. Who wast born on earth!

2nd PRIEST. Glory unto thee, Maurya, Lady of Life!

CHORISTERS. Who didst die for us!

ALL. Glory for ever unto Maurya!

THE WORSHIPPING FOLK. Maurya, hear us!  
[All bend deeper and deeper in adoration. Silence awhile. They rise, and the priests see RUPNA and CRIOSDA.]

1st PRIEST. [Whispers.] It is the Mother of our Lady.

2nd PRIEST. [Whispers.] Who is with her?

1st PRIEST. [Whispers.] The first disciple.

2nd PRIEST. [Whispers.] Blessed is this day, O brother!

1st PRIEST. [Whispers.] Let us go and do them reverence.

[They approach RUPNA and CRIOSDA, and bend low before them.]

RUPNA. Criosda! Of one act the ultimatum Rings through eternity past the poles of space. Choose then what spangle on the robe of time Shall glitter in thine eyes: for the hour strikes.

CRIOSDA. Mother! I would see the Luck of Maurya stand  
Two thousand years from now.

RUPNA. Good priest, bring forth The globe of crystal.

1st PRIEST. Hearing is enough.

[The priest takes a crystal from out the altar, and places it thereupon. RUPNA and CRIOSDA advance.]

RUPNA. Look! I uplift the veil.

[She unveils the crystal.]

CRIOSDA. I see a lofty pyramid sun-white Blaze in immaculate glory to the stars; Its splendour of itself, since all is dark About, above. Thereon a countless folk, Multitudes many-coloured, grave and tall, Beautiful, make a beautiful murmur, move, In infinite musical labyrinths about. Them doth the soul of love inhabit, them The light of wisdom doth inform, them peace Hath marked and sealed her own. But on their lips

Is one imagined silence like a sigh.  
 Unanimous the hushed harmony

Flows forth from heart to mouth ; and mouths bloom  
 red

With ripe and royal repetition ; kisses  
 Flow like thick honey-drops in honey-suckle.  
 That is their worship.

RUPHA. Whom then worship they ?

CRIOSDA. Maurya !

[Recalled to himself, he perceives the meaning of  
 this ; with a great cry breaks forward and  
 stands before the throne, raises himself up  
 and says in triumph and knowledge of  
 peace :]

Then—I have lived !

[Reaches out his hand towards the enthroned  
 mummy.]

Maurya !

[With the last terrible cry he collapses, and falls  
 dead with his head on MAURYA'S knees.]

RUPHA. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
 shall be : world without end.

[She deliberately breaks her staff in her hands.  
 The report is sharp and very loud, like a  
 pistol shot.]

CURTAIN.

The Beast  
of Revelations

Comments On:

THE GOD-FATHER

by

Aleister Crowley